Forth in dishonour, outcast, I, the great
Cadmus, who sowed the seed-rows of this state
Of Thebes, and reaped the harvest wonderful.
O my beloved, though thy heart is dull
In death, O still beloved, and alway
Beloved ! Never more, then, shalt thou lay
Thine hand to this white beard, and speak to ine
Thy "Mother's Father"; ask " Who wrongeth thce ?
Who stints thine honour, or with malice stirs
Thine heart ? Speak, and I smite thine injurers! "
But now—woe, woe, to me and thee also,
Woe to thy mother and her sisters, woe
Alway 1 Oh, whoso walketh not in dread
Of Gods, let him but look on this man dead I

LEADER.

Lo, I weep with thee. *Twas but due reward
God sent on Pentheus; but for thee . . .
Tis hard.

AGAVE.

My father, thou canst see the change in me,

[A page or more has here been torn out of the MS. from which all our copies of " The Bacchae " are derived. It evidently contained a speech of Agfad {followed presumably by some words of the Chorus]^ and an appearance of DIONYSUS upon a cloud. He must have pronounced judgment upon the Thebans in general, and especially upon the daughters of CADMUS, have justified hh own action^ and declared his determination to establish his godhead.
the MS. begins again^ we find him addressing